Capt. James Tighe, of the Varuna Boat

Club, is said to be agitating the question of starting a new athletic club in Brooklyn with limited membership.

John Kelly emphatically denies that he ha

"IF I WERE A MILLIONAIRE."

BY ACKLAND LORD BOYLE.

ISUGGESTED BY THE EVENING WORLD DISCUSSION.

A poor workingman is thrown out of employ.
By a "strike" of the rich called a "Trust."
His family is starving, he's tempted, he steals,
And his good name is dragged in the dust.
Id employ the best counsel, for mercy appeal,
And bring ev'ry effort to bear.
To save the poor fellow and give him a chance,
If I were a millionaire.

But the millionaire bandit who robs rich and

There are young fact'ry children, white slaves, ir

want;
To relieve and protect I'd not spare;
And that's the way, Harry, I'd "have a good

A Sketch of Congressman Ford. Melbourns H. Ford, Chairman of the Im-

migration Investigation Committee, now sit-

little man, with smoothly shaven face and a

quick, abrupt manner. He has all the char-

acteristics of a trained criminal lawyer, although he is by profession a stenographic

News Summary.

School Commissioner Miles M. O'Brien is re-appointed by Mayor Hewitt,

Three men and three women are drowned in a sailboat catastrophe in San Francisco Bay.

Johnson Hatfield, chief desperado in the McCoy-Hatfield feud, dies in Lawrence County, W.

Steps are taken to strenuously oppose Gen. Boulanger's candidacy in the Department of the

William Westenbarger dies in convulsions at Logan, O., of hydrophobia caused by a dog-bite last July.

M. C. C.—Thomas F. Grady was in the Assembly in 1877, 1878 and 1879. He was Senator in 1882 and 1883, Since 1883 he has held no political office. He was defeated for Congress in 1886 by Timothy J. Campbell.

On the Square. The lottery you mention is unquestionably a fraud.

Unum.—Fifty-cent pieces of 1822 and 1830 bring no more than their face value.

If I were a millionaire.

number of pounds per appum.

You ask me, friend Harry, to say what I'd do, ... If I were a millionaire;

AMUSEMENTS. H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE

Matiness Monday, Wednesday and Saturday

KIMBALL MERRIE MAKERS.

HARRIGAN SPARK THEATRE.

Proprietor

W HANLEY

THIRD WEEK

Mr. EDWARD HARRIGAN as

THE LORGAIRE.

DAVE BRAHAM and his popular orchestra. Regulars Mattness Wednesday and Saturday

THOMPHON HOMESTEAD.
SATURDAY MATINEE.
TO MORROW at i, another ROSENTHAL CONCERT.
Dockstader's Minetrels' Concert Sanday Night,

Dockstader's Minetrels' Concert Sunday Night,

PALMER'S THEATRE. BWAY AND SOTH ST.

Accompanied by KYRLLE BELLEW and a complete
dramatic company, under the direction of Abbey,
Schoeffel and Gran. Every evening this week. Matines
Saturday, also Monday and Tuesday and Monday evening, Dec. 31, and Jan 1. Matines New Year's Day.

"WINT AXE AND CROWN.

Seats now on sale.

"." In preparation, ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

A M. PALMER Begins at R. 30. Now Year's and Saturday Matines at T CAPTAIN SWIFT.

CASINO.

CASINO.

Evenings at S. 15.

Special Matinee, Matinee, Saturday at 2.

THIRD MONTH,

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S

IKE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

Admission 50 ets. Seats reserved two weeks in advance.

GREAT KOSSUTH HUNGARIAN BAND,

Court Musicians to Her Majesty, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

First appearance in this country, DAILY. 19TH ST. AND 4TH AVE.

BLJOU THEATRE Broadway near 30th and MATURDAY.

A BRASS MONKEY

4 TH ST. THEATRE. CORNER 6TH AVE.

A TIN SOLDIER, By Hoyt, the author of A BRASS MONKEY, Gallery, 25c.; Reserved, 35c., 50c., 75c., 81, 81.50.

NIBLO'S.
Reserved seats (orchestra circle and balcony) 50c.
NAT. C. GODDWIN.
NAT. C. GODDWIN.
Turned Up" and "Lond Me Five Shillings."
Matiness Wodnesday and Saturday.
Next week—MARGARET MATHER.

CHAND OPERA-HOUSE.
Reserved Seats, Orchestra Circle and Balcony, 50a.
Thatcher, Primrose & West. West. Matter.

PALACE OSSIFIED CHRISTMAN WEEK.

14th et. OSSIFIED

DOCKSTADER'S NIGHTS 8,30.

MINSTRELS. Tors and Candies every per-formance for the children. Grand Christmas Tree, Parker's Dors. Next week-Mestayer-Vaughan Co. in

KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL

MATINEE SATURDAY AND NEW YEAR'S.

London Gaiety Burlesque Compa ENMERALDA Special Matinee New Year's.

BROADWAY THEATRE. COTTON 414 A

Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Evenings at 8. Grand Sacred Concert Sunday Evening, Dec. 30.

She Gillette's Weird and Wonderful She. She Exactly as Given at 14th St. Theater.

WINDSOR THEATRE.
Willard Spenser's
Popular Comic Opera,
THE LITTLE TYCOON.
Next week—Oliver Byron's UPPER HAND.

TONY PASTOR'S NEW 14TH ST THEATRE A GRAND HOLIDAY SHOW.
TONY PASTOR'S, TONY PASTOR A NEW COMPANY DOLL MATINEE FRIDAY.
Every lady and girl gets a fine doll.

THEATRE COMIQUE, 125th et. het. 3d & Lex. ave.
Cirand Extra
Christmas Day
Matinee at 2.
Next Week HERRMANN.
PENMAN NO. 1.
Matinee Sturday.

THE GRAND
MUSEUM, MENAGERIE AND THEATRE,
14th AND 347 GRAND ST.
LUCIA ZARATE, the Midget Queen.
Stage performances. 5 double floors. 10 cents.

THEISS'S New Music Hall and Alhambra Court.

THE MONSTER ORCHESTRION.

LYCEUM THEATRE. 4th ave. and 23da.

LATS 15. SWEET LAVENDER.
SWEET LAVENDER.
Matinees Saturday and New Year's.

EDEN MUSEE. WAX WORLD.
ART
GALLERY.
A To-might the operatic success, Farineell, Friday, children's matinee, Snow White. Every child a present.

Off for Europe.

Among the passengers who sailed for Europe to-day on the State of Pennsylvania was O. M.

Stephenson, a well-known physician of Port

MUSEUM

Next Week—THE STILL ALARM.
Next Sunday—MERRY CHRISTMAS.
autifully illustrated by PROF. CROMWELL.

MAN. Daily.

Rollicking, recking merriment, "Herald, Octallery, 25c.; Reserved, 50c., 75c., \$1.00,\$1.50

Admission 50 cts. Seats reserved two weeks

J. M. HILL ANNOUNCES
SECOND YEAR
BATTLE OF GETTYNBURG

THE

OLD

HOMESTEAD.

ACADEMY.

DENMAN

ALICE HARRISON and strong company in MAM'ZELLE.

Dec. 31-H. R. Jacobe's Romany Ryc Co.

VISIT TO GOTHAM.

A Drive in Central Park with a Tee Porward Young Man, Bumpers of Cham-pagne, a Night in a Police Cell, an Ink-Throwing Fight with a Policeman, \$10 Fine and a Raging Headache.

Miss Effic Lambertson was the quietest, most respectable appearing person in the Yorkville Court yesterday. Effic is an educational example of the way young Boston women should not spend Christmas.

She came with a friend over to this gay metropolis for two or three days. On Christmas morning she went to the Park with a gentleman friend, and engaging a coupé they took the air in style.

At Mount St. Vincent they skipped out and had a quiet lunch. Also a quart bottle of champagne, not too dry, just sweet enough for a fresh young Bostonian damsel who does not wear glasses.

Effie drank her half like a little woman and got razzle-dazzled in short order. But Effie is nothing if not virtuous, and when the ple of Jersey.

Titus was convicted of strangling to death vintage, intimated to Effic that he wanted kiss, Effic got as straight as she could with her head going round like a caroussel,

with her head going round like a caroussel, and she said him may with real severity. Moreover, she gave him the option of leaving the cab or seeing her do so. So the young man left, unkissing and unkissed.

That is one of the funny things about Boston girls. They don't like to be kissed.

Effic subsequently found that her \$40 was not to be found, and charged the cabby with suppropriating them. Park Policeman Coopercame up, saw Effic's befuddled condition, and hustled the cabby and herself off to the Sixty-seventh street station. seventh street station.

Then one of the officers who was hurrying

Then one of the officers who was hurrying ber up caught hold of her arm, presumably giving it a gentle squeeze. Effic's virtue got the better of her again, and snatching up the mk bottle she fired it at the hardy man in blue. After that Effic was locked up and wept salty tear, of repentance through the still watches of the night.

In the morning she was herself again, though

in the morning sne was nersol again, though suffering from a violent katzenjammer from her pint of champagne.

In the court Justice Patterson found that she preferred no charge against the backman, as she had found her money all right afterwards. So be fined Effic \$10 of her re-

covered money.

She passed a ten-dollar bill to the young man with the red mustache who absorbs fines in the Yorkville Court, and walked out with much dignity.
She walked down Fifty-seventh street, with Officer Crofton gallantiy escorting her. This was a periunctory act of gallantry on Officer Crofton's part.

Crofton's part.

They walked up to Sixty-fifth street, and then Crofton left her. Effic turned down the

street again.

The Evening World reporter strolled acress and accested her, inquiring what she was going to do.

"I am going to get a cab and drive around till my head feels better, and then go back to my friends, and get over to Boston as strongs I can." soon as I can."
"What will you say to your friends?

asked the reporter.

"Oh I have that all fixed. I've never been caught in such a thing as this before. The officer was very kind and gentlemanly, and I offered him some money, but he wouldn't take it. He said he had only done his duty."

"He didn't take the money?" gasped the

reporter.

"No," said Effle.

"What you do is this. Get a cab, take your drive and make him leave you at the Casino, in the Park. Get your luncheon there and take a little Vichy, with bicarbonate o soda in it, and then go home. You're too much of a Bostoman to stay in New York and longer now."

Effic thanked the reporter and engaged a cabman at a dollar and a half an hour, and was driven off in a fair way to recovery.

Effic is a very respectable seeming girl, with hazel eyes, nice white teeth, a pale complexion and good figure. She wore a dolman, heavily braided, black fur around her neck, black kid gloves and a dark blue felt hat with a white wing and aigrette on it. Her gown was of a light-colored woollen stuff.

One night in a police station, \$10 fine and the sense of a he-dache is as much training in dissipation as Effic thinks she needs. She is of a respectable family, does not have to do anything for a living and is dreadfully worried for fear her parents will find out about her escavade.

The Queen of the Ball. [From the New Orleans Picayune,] Before you mirror, Gertrude fair
Is tying the snood of her silken hair;
To cheeks all pale and drooping eyes,
The blush of the rose, the light of the skies,
She lends the touch of a fairy hand,
And smiles as only Gertrude can!

The bell tells ten; still she is there.
A dimpled hand in her golden hair,
Neatling a saffron rose as sweet
As Love e'er laid at the bridal feet
Of Love's twin soul, in the fair, fresh dawn
Of youth and of joy so swiftly gone!

Listlessly droops the soft hand down.
Falling like snow on her silken gown.
Amid the sprays of liles that gleam
In painted groups like a floral dream.
O futile tear in thy brown, starry eye!
Bright diamond of sorrow set in a sigh!

She dreams again of a hope long dead,
Of a funeral train, with rolemn tread,
Bearing its burden to death's chill shrine;
She dreams of a grave where the roses twine,
In the starlight pale, when the night winds And Gertrude prays it were her own! The queen of a hundred hearts is she,

A crowned queen in misery!
Masking 'neath smiles and Joyons eyes
A life as dark as the Winter skies;
In a funeral urn a flower sweet bloom,
Blooming to wither and die all alone!

BRAEK STUART'S

A SIMPLE STORY OF A CAMBLER'S END.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY W. J. LLOYD. [WEITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.]

SENTENCE.

All Jersey City Indignant Over It-A Parallel with the Pardon Court's Action in Saving the Life of Janitor Titus, Who Murdered Tilly Smith in Hackettstown After Criminally Assaulting Her.

The death sentence of Peter Coffey has been commuted by the Court of Pardons to imprisonment for life.

The New Jersey Court of Pardons is a pe culiar institution-a wild, weird thing, so to speak.

It was instituted as an improvement over the Governor alone may pardon or commute the sentence of a convicted criminal. It was argued that the Board of Pardons, with nothing else to do, could make closer inquiry into each case and act with more intelligence.

But the sequence has not seemed to justify the belief. The commutation of the death sentence of Janitor James J. Titus to imprisonment for life astounded the good peo-

Tillie Smith at the Centenary Collegiate Institute, Hackettstown, N. J., after a long and caretul trial. Afterwards in making application to this most astonishing "Court" for a pardon. Titus wrote a confession and in it he made out against himself a far more horritying charge than that proven in court, he related in his confession that, despite the fact that he had a most estimable wife, he had entired little Tillie Smith, a domestic in the institution, into a youn in the inserticular.

the institution, into a room in the basement of the Institute at night, bad assaulted her there, and had strangled her to death while she struggled in defense of her honor. Over her grave was erected a monument, on which was this inscription :

TILLIE SMITH.

She Died in Defense of Her Honor,
April 8, 1886,
Aged 18 years,
Erected by an Appreciative Public.

There were augry remarks, not at all complimentary to the members of the Trenton Court of Fardons, made by the people of Hackettstown, and the fame of this singular body spread over the land, for they were the subjects of the paragrapher and the preacher

for weeks.

And to-day Jersey City is excited and indignaut over this latest freak of the pardon-

dignant over this latest freak of the pardoning power.

Peter Coffey's crime was in one respect similar to that of Titus. His victim was Agues Smith, a woman whom he had chosen in preference to his own wife and whom he had persisted in forcing upon his wife, until one day in June last, while Mrs. Coffey was endeavoring to entertain the paramour of her husband, being forced thereto by him, a quarrel grose and the unfaithful husband followed his illuit lover into another room and shot her in the back and she died next day. day.

Coffey then shot himself, and when phy-

sicians and the police arrived he told them that he had shot Miss Smith because he loved her. He hoped she would die with himself. On his trial the prosecutor did not present On his trial the prosecutor did not present all his evidence against Coffey because it was not necessary. He had long been a dangerous man and had been once barely prevented from shooting a man who owed him 12 cents. At another time he fired six shots at a beyy of children who had annoyed him with their noise, and only a week before the murder he altempted to brain a man with a chair for looking into a room where he was sitting with Acnes Smith.

Agnes Smith.

Only last week this Court of Pardons commuted to twenty years imprisonment the death sentence of Schlemmer, the man who drew his young wife away from her mother; took her across the street and brutally shot

There have been loud and strenuous de-mands for the abolition of this Court, and a bill is now in preparation to that effect which will be presented to the Legislature.

Uninteresting



Guide (at the Vatican)-Would ze ladies care to see ze gr-r-reat seal of ze Inquisition? Miss Wappinger—I wouldn't stop, mother. There's nothing bigger that swims than our sea-lions at the home Zoo.

Detailed Instructions

New Girl—An' how long should I leave this thing called a 'blower' tight up agin the open fire place? Experienced Servant—Lave it until it do be hot enough to take the skin off y'r fingers when you touch it. Then lift it off.

A SAFE, sure cure for coughs and colds. ADAMSON'S DIABRHUM and dysentery are averted during teething BOTANIO BALSAM, KINSMAN, 25th st. and 4th ave. . . by MONELL's TEETHING CORDIAL. 25 cents.

IF THEY KNEW IT IN BOSTON. NEW JERSEY'S PARDON MILL. ENGLAND WAS NOWHERE. Joe McAuliffe and Jackson, who are to fight to morrow night, are both in their best continuous will make a hard battle, Mr. Vice says a six-day go-as-you-please rate will take place in San Francisco next month. DEMURE EFFIE LAMBERTSON'S EVENTFUL IT NOW COMMUTES MURDERER COFFEYS, IT WAS A RAZZLE-DAZZLE KNOCK-OUT THAT M'AULIPPE GAVE HYAMS.

Tickets for the games of the Pastime Athletic Club, to be held in Parepa Hall Jan. 25, can be purchased from President J. E. Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan is a candidate for re-election at the annual meeting of the club. Jan. 8. He is an earnest worker, a popular fellow and his re-election is an assured fact. 85,000 Backer of Dempsey Against Mitchell Is Heard From-Proposition That They Fight in the Same Ring as Sullivan and Kilrain-Change of Date for the National Skuting Meeting.

A well-known sporting man uptown has suggested that in case the Sullivan-Kilrain match comes to the desired issue. Jack Dempsey and Charley Mitchell should have a battle in the same ring in which the two big fellows fight and immediately after their differences have been settled. The gentlethe pardoning power in other States, where man does not wish his name mentioned at present, but says he will back Dempsey for \$5,000 to fight Mitchell in the way no suggests, if Jack will agree to the propo-Such an arrangement would, if carried out, insure the greatest pugitistic event this country has ever known, and it is not altogether merely a suggestion either, as the next few days will prove.

Jack McAuliffe's easy defeat of Jake Hyams, the Englishman, last night was a good demonstration of the superiority of our boxers over those of England. Hyams may be considered a elever boxer at home, but he cannot touch our champion, and probably does not care much about trying to do so again. McAulitie had the battle from the start and made his opponent show at a greater disadvantage than any cone had expensed. start and made his opponent show at a greater disadvantage than any one had supposed he would do. Hyams is familiar with all the tricks of the English ring, and he tried them on last night, making his fighting what farminded Americans consider most foul. But McAuliffe caught him at them and gave him such a punishment as he will not soon forget. Jack knocked him down once in the second round and six times in the seventh. Hyams is game, stands unuishment well, and is a round and six times in the seventh. Hyams is game, stands punishment well, and is a superb man at ducking and dedging, moving as outck as a flash, but his rushes and blows are weak compared with McAuliffe's. The men were about the same weight, with Hyams in better condition. The only blow which did Jack any damage was one with Jake's right on his left eye, although the effect was scarce, y noticed. Jack forced the fighting up to the end of the fourth round, when he was somewhat winded, and held off two rounds. In the eighth, Hyams having been floored six times in the round previous, and being groggy, Jack renewed his vigorand being groggy, Jack renewed his vigor-ous attacks and knocked the Englishman senseless with a right-hander on the jaw when about a minute of the round had elapsed, winning the contest, It was a fine go, and the result has again pushed the Mc-Aulific stock up a peg. Jack and Billy Madden leave for their Western tour to-

"I have another announcement to make," said Steve O'Donnell at Palace Hall last evening. Then reading from a monstrous bill, he said: "A grand ball to the theatrical profession will soon be given at which John L. Sullivan and Gus Hill will act as floor managers, assisted by Maggie Kline."

John Boyle, of Brooklyn, rather turned the tables on Billy Hart in Palace Hall last evening. When they boxed before the McAuliffe-Collyer match Hart had the best of it, but last evening Boyle got in his work very cleverly. . . .

The two boys who entertained the spectators at Palace Hall last evening are making themselves famous for their 'music on the rafters." Their instruments are only a tin whistle and a harmonica, but their efforts make inspiring music and shorten the delays.

Con McAuliffe, the champion light-weight's bruther is making a book at the bast rule.

brother, is making a book at the haf-mile tracks for himself and George Smith and James Colville, of Boston, Mr. Colville and I arry Killion, slee of Boston, are Jack Mc-Auliffe's backers in his coming fight with

Tom Mulqueen, of Denver, and Lon Maynard, of San Francisco, both patrons of Western sports, were at the McAuliffe-Hyams match last night.

It was said yesterday that President Day has offered \$150,000 for grounds at One Hun-dred and Eighty-first street for the League. The owner offers to lease his property, but has not decided to sell.

The National Skating Association held a meeting a few evenings ago and made several changes in the programme for the amateur championship meeting to be held next month. The gentlemen who are desired for judges of the figure skating are engaged in business in the city, and to make it possible for them to serve the date wav changed from Thursday, Jan. 17, to Saturday atternoon, Jan. 19, and will be executed on Van Cortlaudt Lake, three and one-half miles above High Bridge. The 220-yard and five-mile races are announced for Thursday, Jan. 17, and the one and ten mile races are fixed for Friday, Jan. 18. It is the present intention to have all the races skated in the afternoon, instead of a part in the evening, as has heretofore been announced. Of course, all will depend upon the conditions, and if it is impossible to skate on the days mentioned, the events will take place as goon after. The National Skating Association held a mpossible to skate on the days mentioned, the events will take place as soon aft r as the weather will permit. The contests are open to all amateurs. Entries close Jan. 14. Entrance fee \$1. Prizes, gold, silver and bronze medals.

William O'Brien is still at work trying to study out a way in which he can induce Charley Mitchell to fight Jack Dempsey. He thunks such a way can be found, and says he will have some news for the people ere long.

ingulfed in the faro bank. He took his losses as coolly as he once won thousands. Now, as his boot heels crunched the snow-

covered sidewalk of Broadway, he felt that

PLUM-PUDDING PREFERRED TO A WILL-IAMSBURG MATINEE.

Little Lord Fauntleroy No. 2 on His Trav cls East-A New Theatre Going Quietly Up in Harlem-Herbert Kelcey Receives a Jewelled Match-Box-Booth and Bar-rett to Go to Pittsburg and Baltimere.

Mrs. Langtry, who is playing this week at

the Lee Avenue Academy of Music, in Williamsburg, declined to give the conventional Christmas matince, being desirous of spending the day at her home on Twenty-third sought a position with either the League or Association for next year. John says he will be needed the coming season to attend to his new business at Thirty-first street and Sixth street, and enjoying a good old English plum-pudding. The result of this was that Prestidigitateur Herrmann, of a less celebrative turn of mind, ran over to Williamsburg and gave a matince performance in place of Mrs. Langtry. Apropos of this laty, it is amusing to watch the crowds that assemble in front of her house to catch a glimpse of her face whenever her Victoria, in front of If I were a millionaire;
You ask if I'd travel and "have a good time,"
And live without trouble or care.
Ah. Harry, my boy, sordid aims give no Joy,
And self-thness truly's a snare,
So if you will listen I'd say what I'd do.
If I were a millionaire.
Chonus—If I were a millionaire,
My blessings with others I'd share,
For the poor and down-trodden I'd
tenderly care,
If I were a millionaire. he doorway, aunounces the fact that she is about to drive out. At about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon this interesting event occurred. On both sides of the street men, women and children stood and gazed rudely at the fenceless dwelling. The front door was thrown open; the carriage gates had been unfastened, and all was ready. Presently Mrs. Langtry appeared, brilliant in a red bonnet, and accompanied by her little nicce. She stepped daintily into the Victoria, carefully refrained from glancing at the people, who to the number of at least one hundred and fifty were watching her attentively, spoke a few words to the coachman, and was rattled noisily into the street. Two The few of the minoral control of the work thousands more than he needs;
Who deals in "wheat steals "most g.gantic and bold.
And other such high-handed deeds;
Who raises the price of the workingman's bread.
To fight such a man I'd ne'er fail.
I'd spend ev'ry dollar I had in the world
To send the rich rascal to jail. footmen followed and carefully closed the gates, laughingly addressing the policeman who was there to keep the free-show lovers in order. A gentleman who had probably never witnessed such a performance before was auxious to know what it all meaut.

Nothing, you have fed the police and was actions to know what it all meaut.
"Nothing," youchsafed the policeman. "It means that Mrs. I angrey is taking her usual airing, and that she's as popular as ever." this land
Who toil out their poor little lives;
There are hundreds of women who scarce earn
their bread,
Tho' the "boss" they are working for thrives;
There is sadness and suffering, oppression and

Manager French started out his No. 2
"Little Lord Fauntleroy" company Christmas Day in the Fast. It will travel through
that territory for the next few weeks. Fretty
soon no State will be complete without its
"Fauntleroy."

It is not generally known that a new thea-tre in Harlem is being quietly put up on the lighth avenue side of the city. The theatre is being built by a corporation, and will have offices and nats in connection with it. It is said that the house will be a very fine one. Nothing has as yet been arranged as to its management. At the present time the Thea-tre Comique holds full sway over Harlem. ting in Pittsburg. is a short, stockily built which is rapidly becoming recognized as a good theatrical foothold. Christmas in this city turned out to be ex-

tremely profitable to theatrical managers, as far as the evening performances were con-cerned. The matiness were generally light. Manager Senger will next season send out an excellent company to play "Mr Barnes of New York" on tour. Author Gunther has written a new scene for the play of spec-

though he is by profession a stenographic expert. For years past he has practised his profession all over the West, being engaged as official shorthand reporter in some of the most famous civil and criminal trials of the West and Northwest. His services have commanded all the way from \$50 to \$75 per day in such instances. His familiarity with courts and the methods of the legal profession has been of great service to him and the Committee during the progress of the investigation, and for this reason he has been assigned to the work of cross-examining all witnesses brought briore the Commission. Mr. Ford is sharp as a steel trap, fires his question and chews tobacco as though he were under contract to consume a given Herbert Kelcey received a handsome be-jewelled matchbox for his Christmas. It came to hand anonymously. Kelcey was very disappointed when he was told that the present came from a well-known firm, anxious to advertise a new article and convinced that Kelcey's assistance in that direction would be valuable. were under contract to consume a given

At the close of their engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre Measrs. Booth and Barrett go to Pittaburg and thence to Baitimore. New York will not see either of them again until they make their big production at the Broadway Theatre next season. The United States warship Richmond sails to join the South Atlantic squadron.

Sig. Mancini, the Italian statesman, dies at Naples in his seventy-second year.

E. J. Buckley, who has been playing with Jefferson, is back in the city. Buckley says that very few melodramatic actors could have jumped into comedy as readily as he did with Jefferson.

The Gaiety Company will probably play a four months' engagement in this city next season, unless extinguished by the mighty Aldrich.

The eleverest bit of stage work Cora Tanner ever attempted is her portrayal of the young English swell in "Fascination," now on at Col. Sim's Park Theatre.

"The Crystal Slipper," with its many interesting features and well-drilled chorus, is a decided "go" at the Amphion Academy.

Brooklyn is rarely favored with a production of comic opera so complete in every detail as that of "The Queen's Mate" at the Academy of Music,

The company supporting Kate Claxton and Charles A. Stevenson in "The World Against Hor," at the Grand Opera-House, contains hardly a weak spot. hardly a weak spot.

Mrs. Langtry will be seen to-morrow evening
as Pauline Deschapelles in the "Lady of
Lyons," at the Lee Avenue Academy, a charac-ter which she enacts with much force.

ter which she enacts with much force.

Manager Seymour, of Jacobs's Brooklyn Theatre, was presented with a set of rich parlor furniture Christmas evening, after the performance of "Hoodman Blind," by the employees of the house. Everybody likes Charlie Seymour.

A particularly even performance is that which H. R. Jacobs's company is now giving of the "Romany Rye" at the Lyceum Theatre.

In her hiest-characterization, that of a twicel

Dec.—March 4 fell on a Monday in the years 1805, 1813 and 1833, and on a Sunday in 1821, Arminius.—A United States is correct. The yowel following the article in this case has the sound of a consonant and 'a' is used rather than 'an' for the sake of euphony.

thinks such a way can be found, and says he will have some news for the people ere long.

The run of the National Cross-Country Association that was to have taken place Dec. 30 has been postponed on account of the night being New Year's Eve. The date will be announced hereafter.

W. R. Vice, Secretary of the California Athletic Club, has written a friend here that

Addie Cora Reed, Fanny Rice, Edgeworth Sceritt and Lydia O'Neill. The sale of scats is now progressing at the Academy box office, and bespeaks a week of crowded houses. Dan Mason is meeting with much success in the character of Fritz, the erratic German, in "Over the Garden Wall" at Proctor's Brookly

Theatre Life on the Western plains is vividly picture in the melodramas S. J. Wheeler is giving a Holmes's Museum this week.

WHERE CARNEGIE GREW RICH.

It Was Farmer Story's Oll Land That Made Him His First Millions.

[Titueville Special to Pitteburg Commercial.] It is an interesting fact that Antirew Carne gie, whose income was the subject of so much newspaper comment during the campaign, made his first big money in the oil business. The death of David A. Stewart, Chairman of Carnegie Bros, & Co., suggests a reference to the Columbia Oil Company, of which Mr. Stewart was Treasurer and the active manager and Mr. Carnegie a stockholder. This Company bought and developed the Story farm, between Titusville and Oil City. It was the richest farm ever developed in the oil country, and from his interest Mr. Carnegie became comparatively a rich man.

The farm was originally owned by William Story, who barely made a living from it prior to the discovery of petroleum. It consisted of 4/0 acres, and Story offered the place for \$4,500. He could find no purchaser until oil was struck on the creek, and then he sold it to Mr. Carnegie and his friends for \$35,000 cash. The Columbia Oil Company was organized May 1, 1861. The capital stock was \$250,000, divided into 10,000 shares of \$25 each. The form proved to be productive beyond all expectation, and in the entire history of the petroleum industry no other farm has approached it as an oil bonanza. Its first year's output was 20,800 barrels, and the following year it was increased to 80,600. In two and a half years after the incorporation of the Company dividends had been declared, amounting to 130 per cent on the capital stock. In 1864 the production of the farm increased to 141,508 barrels. During this year the average price of oil was \$2,500,000 and s dividends were declared, amounting to 160 per cent, of the capital stock. A month later the capital was increased to \$2,500,000 and a dividend of 5 per cent on tha amount w s at once declared from the estraings of the farm. Before the close of the year five dividends were declared, making in all 25 per cent, on the increased stock. Ten years after the first well was struck on the property the production of the farm was 142,034 barrels for that year. In these ten years 1,715,972 barrels were duced and the whole amount of its dividends was 401 per cent, on the capital stock. In a lawsuit in Eric, in 1885, Mr. Stewart, Treasurer of the Company, testified that the Columbia Oil Company had sold oil from the farm to the value of between \$6,000,000 and \$7,000,000. Estimating the amount of oil produced by it since that time, the total output is placed by practical oil men between \$9,000,000 and \$10,000,000. Although the Story farm has been constantly operated for twenty-seven years, it is still producing about one hundred barrels a month. All the original wells have been dr The farm was originally owned by William Story, who barely made a living from it prior

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Communicing Monday, Dec. 31.
Six nights. New Year's and Saturday Matinee
RUDOLPH ARONON'S
RUDOLPH ARONON'S
Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera.

THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD

STANDARD THEATRE.

Last two weeks of the Gaiety Gompany.

Miss Nellie FARREN. Mr. PRED LESLIE.

With David Garriek, Voriek's Love.

Or, The King's Pleasure.

STANDARD THEATRE.

Last two weeks of the Gaiety Gompany.

Miss Nellie FARREN. Mr. PRED LESLIE.

With London Gaiety Burlesque David With London Gaiety Burlesque. H R JACOBS'S (THALLA)

H R JACOBS'S (THALLA)

OLD BOWERY THEATRE.

MON, WED.

AND.

WALTER S, SANFORD IN

WALTER S, SANFORD IN

AND.

AND.

Next week J. B. Polk in Mixed Fisking.)

STAR THEATRE.

Admission, with Reserved Seats, 50 cents,

ANNIE PIXLER, 50 cents,

ANNIE PIXLER.

MATINEE SATURDAY.

BROOKLYN ACADEMY UNQUALIFIED SUCCESS

THE J. C. DUFF COMIC OPERA CO. IN THE QUEEN'S MATE. H. R. JACOBS'S BROOKLYN THEATRE.

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H R JACOBS'S NEW LYCEUM THEATRE.
PRICES ROMANY RYE, MONDAY WEDNESDAY. AMPRION ACADEMY, BROOKLYN.
KNOWLES & MORRIS. Lessees and Managers
Every night, Wed. Sat. and Christmas Matinesa.
THE CRYSTAL SLIPPER.

This week, Matinee Saturd

CORA TANNER IN FASCINATION.

NOAT WOOK, MAILING SAUVAR.

LEE AVE. ACADEMY OF MUSIC, B'KLYN, E. D.

Xmaa Wook, Six Nights and Saturday Mat. only.

MRS. LANGTRY IN REPERTOIRE,

as in a Looking Glass, Lady of Lyons, Pygmalion and
Galatoa. New Year's Work, Cora Tanner in Fascination.

HOLMES'S STANDARD MUSEUM MATINEES DAILY. S. J. WHEELER IN TWO GREAT PLAYS. F. F. PROCTOR'S P. F. PROCTOR'S COMEDY COMPANY IN OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

ZIPPS CASINO. | Concerts Nightly.
This week Fenz Bros., Prof. James F. Lamb, C. W.
Littlefield, James Wisson, Lillian Granger, Devis
Nobriga, Minute Schult and Kirchner's Orchestra. GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Lessees & Managers
KNOWLES & MORRIS. Lessees & Managers
Every Evening and Usual Matinees.

Kate Claxton in "The World Against Her." He opened the outer door with a latch-key,

"Well, he was her husband."
"He killed himself, too."
"Wonder if he knows he is revenged?"
At last he had finished the reading.
It was broad daylight outdeors, but the blinds and curtains were shut in his rooms so tight that not a ray of daylight could enter.
The gas burned full and brightly.
As it fell on his face he looked worn and haggard now. Calmly he prepared for death, After bathing and shaving he dressed himself, even to his shoes.
Than he wrote a brief note to his landlady, bequeathing her the furniture in his rooms.
Then he lay down on the bed and fired a bullet into his brain. He died instantly, with a smile on his handsome face.

smile on his handsome face.

Out in a country town an old man said to his aged wife:

"Mirandy. I wish we had our lad here to his Christmas dinner. Perhaps we were hard on him. Mebbe he will come home to his poor old dad some day."

"William, Brack will never see us agin, nor we him. I dreamed on him last night, I seed him in his coffin, an' he'il never come home agin."

"Stuff and nousense, Mirandy!"

"I loved you better, sis, than ever he will."

"I loved you better, sis, than ever he will."

"Then he hald the picture down and took a letter from his bockets. It was brief and rather incoherent. It read:

Braek, Braek, dear. dear Braek. Good-by. Forgive me and forget me. I love you, but I love Ed more. I must go with him. I was true to you while I was with you. Good-by. God bless you. I pity you, for I know you love me, but I do not deserve the love of a man like you. You are too good for a worthless creature like me. Good-by.

"D—— your pity, Belle, and you were just as good as I," was his last comment on this before he burned it at the gas jet. Then from an escritoire, he took a bundle of letters. He read them over slowly. Some of them made him smile. Fragments fell from his lips like these:

THE GAMBLER'S LAST PLAY.

each piece of jewelry. The proceeds were went away, and he forgot her, just as some laughed, a low, bitter laugh, more like a cry of pain, as he repeated to himself, "Merry Christmas indeed. Perhaps they will make it merry for me where I expect to go to."

Sele.

corner, then ne continued his way uptown. At Thirtieth street he turned aside. After walking half a block he halted in front of an eminently respectable-looking house, up the steps of which he mounted.

Brack Stuart walked thoughtfully home- | when he was around. They did not even ward in the dawning light of a Winter's comment or ask him what he meant when he morning with a terrible end in view. He chanced to remark in the Brower House one intended to kill himself. He had said to night that the Crib Club rooms had been

the end was near. It did not disturb him. He felt better for the knowledge. He had played with the greatest nerve all night, and lost steadily. He had played his last chip without a

intended to kill himself. He had said to himself when leaving his chamber the evening previous: "When I come home again I will shoot myself," and he meant it,

Matters had not gone well with him. Belle had left him. She took Ed Allen with her. He and Braek were partners in the "Crib Club," a fashionable place to buck the tiger.

Ed took all the available funds with him, leaving his partner bankrupt.

Braek's friends could not tell how he took it. He was not the kind of man to be pitted.

They kind feel sorry for him, but they dared about his mustache. It was a thick golden yellow coil of hair, that drooped about the could just make out between the upturned about his mustache. It was a thick golden yellow coil of hair, that drooped about the corners of his well-shaped mouth.

For a few days after that he seemed to try and pull up again, but misfortene pursued him. His diamond pin went, so did his watch and rings, but no one cared to ask the was not the kind of man to be pitted.

They knew it, so they kept their mouths shut

went away, and he forgot her, just as some one else had forgotten him.

Where had he taken the first misstep. Vainly he tried to recall it. He vainly remembered being a wild lad, the leader of others inclined that way, and that they were all fond of drinking bouts and games of chance, but as a desperate gambler he exceeded them all.

It was born in him. ceeded them all.

It was born in him.

This love of outlawed pastimes, he recalled, led to trouble between him and his
parents strict church people—and then he

He had played his last chip without a tremor.

When he saw his last bank-note go with the rest he calmly rose from the table with a cheery "Good-by. Tom" to the dealer, who knew him well, and answered "Good-night, Braek. Better luck to-night, It's hotiday week, you know. You were always lucky on holidays."

"Oh, yes. I'll be all right to-night, Don't worry about me," he said, lighting a cigar.

Then he walked out of the place for the last time. He was a good-looking fellow,

He opened the outer door with a latch-key. He turned off the gas in the nall.

Up on the second story his room was located, and thither he went. They were spacious rooms, papered, carpeted and furnished in the most exquisite taste. A piano stood in one corner of the front room. There were some rare old punts on the wall. Brack did not linger long there. He locked the door behind him.

Then he went into the next room, where, mechanically, he set some things to rights. In the next and last room he hung up his hat. A long, wide, low bed, very pretty to look at, took up most of the room. There was a picture hung face in against the wall. This Brack took down and looked at long and earnestly. It showed him the remarkably beautiful fea ures of a brunette. The eves were big, I lack and pathetic looking. The month was a poem of passion. The hair tell in curling ringlets on the forehead. After many minu es Stuart spoke. He only muttered a few words. They were:

"I loved you better, sis, than ever he will." He watched the nomad hurry around the